

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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OUR INFANT CLASS.

"WHATSOEVER."

BY H. G. DURYEE.

SUCH a golden day, with health in every leaf, and hope in every bud, and promise in every breeze! Such a wonderful bit of summer! Yet to one pair of eyes it was not promising, not hopeful, not even wonderful, except as an instance of the selfishness of Nature.

"Who cares that I'm sent off here, away from everything I want most? The trees don't, not they; nor the buds, nor the wind. They're just as frisky as if one's father were at home in his own parlor, instead of on the ocean, getting beautifully seasick in pursuit of business. Business!" The indignant eyes flashed. "How I do hate it!" And so she did; for it had been, thus far, the only thing that had interfered with her comfort. Circumstances, for the most part, had held her gently, and her strong young vitality had pushed its way royally. To want and to have, to plan and to do, were synonymous terms. That there might be those who wanted yet could not have, who planned yet could not execute, was a mystery but dimly felt. Such people lived, of course; but in Gabrielle West's mind they were held somewhat disdainfully as "incapables."

The men who came sometimes to see her father after supper hours and bore mediocrity in every crease of their seedy clothes, the washed-out looking women who sometimes appeared with small wares for sale, the thousand and one shabby nondescripts who grubbed along on the same flat road for indefinite years, were all "incapables," to the untried eyes, and were besides the authors of their own misfortunes. The audacity of youth scorned the small undertakings of life, and regarded the future as a place of large accomplishments. And yet here was "business" popping up just now to send one away to the country, with drawing-class and school-friends and frolic all behind. It was disturbing to one's belief, to say the least. The sweet lips curled reproachfully at a water-color of soft vistas, and the gray eyes sought the far-away shadows.

On the maples the leaves were fluttering, as if in the first glad spirit of youth; and on the bushes the buds were growing, sweet and pink with happiness. Here and there the winds were telling secrets to the catkins; and through everything the soft sunshine filtered, and gleamed, and melted. Gabrielle could n't quite be angry with it in that second glance; she could n't recall the first anger. Her eyes brightened in spite of themselves, and the supple body leaned back in gentle content.

Presently out from the kitchen window the servant Hannah's voice came floating, in a cracked pipe, suggestive of "winds and rough weather." "Whatsoever I may find to do," she sang, reckless of time or tune, "whatsoever I may find to do, even that is best."

Rhyme and tune with Hannah were the luxuries of song, not the necessities. Whoever cared to might burden themselves with them, she was satisfied with the substance.

"I know the meanin'," she was accustomed to reply to all effort at instruction, "an' I know the feelin'; that, I reckon, is all that's called fur." And more firmly attached to this doctrine each year, she went her floury way, dislocating songs and twisting hymns with perfect freedom of conscience.

"Whatsoever," heard the pink ears on the porch, — "whatsoever I may do, that even will be best."

"Humph!" thought the young woman who had been banished from city delights, "I don't know about that. I could have won that drawing-prize easily, if I had n't been sent up here, and that would have been best. But what in the world can one do here that will amount to anything?"

An adventurous grasshopper or two chirped down in the meadow, and a brood of downy chickens frisked around the doorstep. They were not what would be called "answering voices" exactly, but somehow to Gabrielle they helped out a little.

"Just scratching and chirping," she thought, with a wrinkle of amusement between the eyes; "not very glorious occupations, to be sure, and yet how queer the country would seem without them! Hannah," she called softly, rising and going toward the window, "do you really believe it—the whatsoever of things?"

"Do I believe it?" said Hannah, snipping the centre out of a doughnut with nice precision. "Of course, I do. But I did n't at first; it had to come. It was a-a-hangin' over me fur a long while, like the sun behind clouds, and all of a sudden it broke through. It was down to a print-works I got it clear, on account of the machinery. We went through 'em one day; and I see the big wheels a-turnin' plain an' noisy an' out in sight where every one could see 'em, and down almost out o' sight, makin' no fuss, attractin' no attention, was the little wheels. They did n't seem of no consequence whatever; an' yet I took notice that the man with the oil-can tended them just as he did the big ones, an' when the superintendent came round he looked at them even more careful. 'Them's the whatsoever's,' says I; an' ever since I've believed in 'em."

The strong, homely face was raised at the last words, and the kindly eyes looked out into the summer day.

"All folks' 'whatsoever's' ain't alike," she concluded, whisking a pie into her left hand ready for the oven, "but they all tell."

"What—" began Gabrielle; but a querulous voice from the sitting-room broke in on the sentence.

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle," it called, "I want you."

Gabrielle turned, but not with the smile of one who goes willingly. She did n't like dim old sitting-rooms, with an ancient smell about them, and she shrank from the rehearsal of aches and pains which always seemed a part of such stuffy places.

"If she were n't Papa's sister—" But something fine in the girlish character checked the words. One might rebel vaguely at one's exile, and wish things otherwise, but words were different. She shook her head in self-admonition, and stepped into the shadows of the close room, where the furniture frowned, and a gray-haired little woman sighed from the depths of innumerable shawls.

"I wish you would bring me my aconite," said the plaintive voice, with its chronic touch of weariness. "I feel quite feverish, and — and — no one seems to think."

Gabrielle brought the bottle of pellets, and as she put it into the thin hand smiled to herself.

"Why not make Auntie a 'whatsoever'?" she thought, with inward derision at what she called a "good streak." "It's clear I can't take that prize, and it is n't clear that I can't help her. I don't think she gets fresh air enough, for one thing; and she's too well acquainted with her bones, for another. Who knows but she may turn out a 'best'?"

The fidgety invalid, looking up, caught the last end of the smile.

"What is it?" she asked, with a transient interest in her voice. "What are you smiling at?"

"Myself, Auntie. I'm very much like a joke at times. But would you mind stepping to the door just a moment? There's a tree in my sketch that does n't somehow suit me, and perhaps you can tell me what the trouble is."

No sign of hesitation ruffled the clear voice, but inwardly a great uncertainty made the girlish heart beat fast; she had taken her impulse by the forelock, and it gave her a swift, glad throb. But in her aunt's eyes there was the quick suspicion of the invalid.

"Can't you bring the sketch here? I should n't know much about it any way."

"I could," began Gabrielle, longing for diplomatic skill to frame a convincing answer; "but the light, I think, would be better on the porch."

For a moment it was doubtful which way the scales would turn, — whether long habit or flattered curiosity would triumph. Gabrielle waited in silence; and presently the bundle of real and imaginary ills in the chair rose, with a gentle sigh of concession. Habit had been vanquished for once, and another of those bold strokes which sometimes accomplish the unexpected was recorded in the annals of life.

"Give me your arm, my dear," said the unconscious captive, "and we'll go."

A look of glad relief leaped into Gabrielle's eyes, and she put her strong arm into the weak one. Then, with her own impetuous steps restrained, she led her aunt out to where the breezes and sunshine and song of frogs could set the sluggish life-currents moving with some approach to health.

It was very novel to be taking care of somebody, and leaving one's own plans outside, very novel indeed; but somehow it was pleasant too, and brought a gladder note into every sound.

"Is n't it all fresh and beautiful?" she bubbled out; and her aunt from very contagion laughed also, and filled her lungs with the healing air. It began to seem that this was no mean triumph after all.

"Ten minutes," said the victorious schemer, when the inspection was over and her aunt sleeping again in her chair. "To-morrow we'll make it twenty, and — I — guess it would n't be a bad plan to read to her. Heigho! such unusual goodness would terrify the girls." But all the same a warm little wave gathered in her heart, and she went out singing a much softened rendering of Hannah's "whatsoever."

It was curious how the old house brightened after that, and the long days shortened, and little by little more sunlight crept into the sitting-room. It was curious what a change that "streak of goodness" had made. One thing seemed only the gateway to another, and a perfect procession of entertaining devices went marching down the summer weeks. And curious as this was, it was not half so curious as the change that gradually wrought itself in the invalid. The thin lips grew brighter and fuller; the wrinkles about the eyes, that spoke so plainly of unrest, softened until they were just loving little pencillings; and, best of all, the faded eyes looked out on the small happenings of the day with pleased surprise.

"It's nothing but fresh air and exercise," said Gabrielle, taking note of these things, in the last days of her exile, and adding a loving touch to the still unfinished sketch, "nothing in the world,

It can't have been what I've done, for I've only had a good time; I've enjoyed myself."

And just then a happy blush stole into the fair cheek; for Hannah, spreading her dish-towels to dry, sent her old song rambling out into the air.

"Whatsoever,"—triumphantly rang the notes,—"whatsoever I may do, even that is best."

A SEED-THOUGHT.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



HE garden was never more beautiful. The summer sun had poured heat, as the days passed by, the clouds had not withheld "the early and the latter rains," and every growing thing had reached to perfection, and gained a wondrous beauty. Beds of geraniums in scarlet livery blazed like living fire, coleus wore bravely their Joseph's coat of many colors, Marguerites—not alone as gypsy brides wandering about the fields, but grown more stately in size—showed silver-rimmed gold among dark-leaved shrubs, and the tall mignonne-ette got ready her bells to ring out a sweet farewell to departing summer.

Two young girls walked slowly down a shaded pathway, gathering now a flower, now a fragrant leaf, talking as they went.

"How strange it seems that all this lovely garden should last so short a time, does it not, Mima? Here the men were working early and late—let me think—yes, Patrick began to bring plants out of the greenhouse by the middle of April, I think, and they were all out not before the tenth of July; and now it will not be long before some will have to go back again, and the rest will be killed by the frost, and this whole place just bare ground. It hardly seems worth while to do so much for so short a time, does it?" And the bright young face grew clouded at the thought.

"I don't know, Dell, dear; just think of the beauty, the loveliness, that has given pleasure to so many people all summer. Think of the boxes and baskets of flowers Aunt Sue has sent to the sick and poor, and to the churches, all these weeks. And then the work on the place has kept that lame man and his son, who needed help so much, besides the other men that work for Uncle Henry all the time. It is too bad to have the flowers ever die; but, oh, I do love the garden, and I think it is worth all the work—and more."

"And so do I, too," said Dell; "only it seems such a waste to have it all die every year after so short a life. Oh, I'll tell you, Mima," and Dell gave her cousin a merciless hug, as she did sometimes in a moment of excitement, "I have a jewel-thought. Remember our 'Do all you can' Society. Oh, we can, we can!" and the hugs grew more and more bear-like and unbearable, till Mima cried for release.

"Oh, Dell," she said, "your thought may be a jewel, but must you give it such a close setting? I will try to take it in, if you will leave me breath," and Mima broke away with a laugh, and ran behind a huge palm that stood near. "Now, hands off, and begin. Ready and steady, Dell; let's see the jewel sparkle."

Adele laughed, as she perched on the palm-tree's green tub before her cousin, who held both her hands for safety.

"It came to me, dearie, that we might take slips of all these things that die so soon, set them

out in little cunning pots, and by-and-by, when the summer is over and gone, you know, and days begin to look 'dark and dreary,' and the wind wails and never is weary, as it does in winter, we can then just take these little pots around to some poor children living in those dismal, dreadful streets, that they, seeing the plants grow, may remember that another summer will follow the winter which must be so hard and hopeless to them; and this will be doing something for the Master, won't it, Mima?"

"Yes, indeed, Dell, let's do it," said Mima, very heartily; "but we must do it all ourselves, not have Patrick do it. I know Aunt Sue will let us. Where shall we get the pots?"

"Save up our money," answered Adele, promptly. "Go without ice-cream soda and candied fruits and molasses chips every time we go in town, not to mention marshmallows and chocolates. Oh, we'll have enough, never you fear, if we really mean it; and Mamma won't object, you may be sure; and Miss Perkins will say, in her most northwest voice, 'I am glad to see you engaged in philanthropic work, young ladies.' Oh, Mim, if ever I am a governess, won't I be sweet with my young ladies! My voice shall always be *south* and pleasant, and I will have every chair in the schoolroom at an angle of at least forty-five degrees from the wall, not square back against it, as if nailed in place."

"But, Dell, Miss Perkins is real nice; I like her," said the elder cousin.

"Oh, yes, so do I, Mima; only she is so prim and prune-y, and so—"

"So, so, so, and so forth," finished Mima, interrupting very impolitely the enumeration of the worthy lady's peculiarities. "Well, let us leave Miss P—in P's, and talk of something pleasanter. When can we begin to do our planting?"

"Now, right away, not an hour to lose; for I know that the earlier in August the slips are set, the better."

"No money for pots," said Mima, laconically. "My last went for a ribbon for Don's collar and a box of chips yesterday."

"No matter," said Dell; "Madre will give us what we want without interest, and we will begin now to save up, and pay her back by-and-by."

"Oh, 'the sweet by-and-by,'" sang Mima. "But where shall we go to buy the said pottery?"

"I know; over to the pottery. Let us go and get them now. You go and tell Mamma all about it, and bring my gloves, while I go and tell John to bring round the phaeton."

And the lovely garden brought forth fruit as well as blossom. The plan was approved, and the money saved by little self-denial's,—all that was needed for the purpose.

Several hundreds of well-rooted slips from the most beautiful plants, that would ere long be cut down by the autumn frosts, were growing thriftily, giving promise of beauty to come. Not without many hours of hard work for the young cousins, not without discouragements and some self-discipline, for almost every work done for the good of others has a shady as well as a sunny side; but perseverance won a victory for them, and the smile of the Master must have been on them and their work, for even the gardener admitted that never plants thrive like those the "young leddies" raised.

In the early winter, when the sun, making his daily journey shorter and shorter, as if turning his back on poverty and dirt, scarcely laid the blessing of a beam on the narrow, squalid street, the hardy, healthy plants grew in the windows of

various humble homes, giving hope and courage to many a hungry heart.

And so the jewel-thought of a summer afternoon had blossomed through kind deeds in living green, and fair fruit followed the blossoming, making richer the hearts and lives of giver and recipient; for it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

DICK'S "WOOKKOO" DOG.

BY MISS F. E. WADLEIGH.

"MAY I paint these pictures?" asked Louis Meredith, pointing to a number of wood-cuts in some illustrated papers.

"Yes, you may color those, or any in your scrap-books; but unless you give me your honest promise that you will color nothing but those pictures or your toys, I must lock up your paint-box until I return from calling on your grandmother," said Mrs. Meredith.

It was Louis's birthday; and among the gifts which he received was a small paint-box, with brushes, water-saucers, etc., all complete. Louis was delighted with it, and his mother feared lest he should be tempted to "ornament" everything within his reach. However, she felt easy when he gave the required promise, for he was a truthful boy, and always meant to obey his parents.

"I promise, honest and true, Mamma," he said.

"And see that Olive touches nothing else, will you? And little Dick?"

Again Louis promised, and Mrs. Meredith went out with no misgivings.

When she returned, about two hours later, she heard little Dick's voice raised in loud lamentations as soon as she entered the front door. She hastened to the play-room, and there she found the floor littered with pictures innumerable,—of red houses, blue trees, brown lakes and rivers, yellow elephants and lions, and cats, dogs, and children of all colors.

In the middle of the room stood three-year-old Dick, sobbing as if his young heart were broken. When he saw his mother enter, he ran to her, exclaiming between his sobs,—

"My wookkoo dog, Mamma! My wookkoo dog!"

Perhaps you have never heard of any such dog; but Mrs. Meredith knew that her boy was referring to an idolized toy given him by his nurse the preceding Christmas. Then it was a small, snow-white, woolly dog, mounted on a little platform. You see scores of them in any toy-shop. For some unaccountable reason, Dick preferred it to the drum, steam-cars, trumpet, and all the other much more expensive toys, which he received. This woolly dog was his constant companion by day and night; it perched in his high-chair at the table, was tucked under his arm when he went to walk, and slept in his arms whenever he slept.

Papa had said a day or two ago, "Dick, it seems to me your wookkoo dog has been through the wars." For now the wheels and the platform were gone, so were three of doggy's legs and at least half its wool; now it was no longer white, but a most indescribable shade of brownish gray. But it was still little Dick's cherished treasure.

"Yes, Mamma, see how nice wookkoo dog looks now," said Louis, laughing heartily, as he held the toy up by its small stump of a tail.

(Continued on page 15.)

Our Letter-Box.

WE are sorry that this Letter-Box is such a small Box; but the "copy" for this number (that is, the written matter for the printer to set up) is missing. "Lost, strayed, or stolen," we might say of it. We hope, however, to find it very soon; but whether it is found or not, we will try to give you a good big Box in the next number.

Here are two little riddles for our little Box. Who will guess them?

A BIBLE RIDDLE.

My first is a nickname that's given to boys;
My second's a sound, but hardly a noise;
My third we use often in exclamation;
My whole once ruled the Hebrew nation.

A FLORAL RIDDLE.

My first we prize at Christmas-tide;
My second flies over the meadows wide;
My whole is a flower, — our gardens' pride.

H. G. S.

For Youngest Readers.

BERTIE'S CIRCUS.

BY COUSIN NED.



BERTIE STEARNS was about ten years old, and lived near the White Mountains in New Hampshire. One day last summer his uncle took him to a circus, and Bertie

was delighted with it.

As he was feeding the hen and her chickens one morning, he noticed how much the hen resembled an ostrich that he had seen at the circus. An ostrich, you know, is a large bird, nearly as large as a man, and can run very fast. We do not have them in our hen-yards here in New England, but in California there are a great many of them.

Well, when Bertie was playing with Muffy, the kitten, he noticed how much she looked like a great tiger that he had seen at the circus.

"Hurrah!" Bertie cried. "Oh-o-ooo! I know something!"

He then darted like a rabbit into the house and upstairs to his mother's room, and burst in through the door, and shouted, "Mamma! Mamma! Where's Aunt Christie's tent? I'm going to have a circus!" and then he fell on the bed.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mamma. "The tent? It's out in the barn."

Bertie rushed out as quickly as he had darted into the house, and procured the tent and set it up in the field.

That afternoon he made cages and many other things; and the next afternoon he had his circus, and I went to it.

He charged two cents' admission.

First came the procession.

Bertie led Muffy, and then his brother Edgar led the old hen and her chickens. The chickens were tied to the old hen.

Then Frankie Foster rode along on his little pony, and his dog came behind, and that ended the procession.

Next came the performances.

Frankie's dog rode round on the pony and jumped through a hoop that Bertie held up. Then some funny things were done on ladders, and there was some jumping.

We went to see the tiger and the ostrich, which were evidently not pleased with the situation. Last of all Edgar acted as a clown and sang a funny song, and that ended the circus.

Bertie got thirty cents from that circus. I have often wished I could earn as much as that myself.

KITTY'S NIGHTDRESS.

BY DOROTHY D—.

A True Story.



T WAS Baby Earl's bedtime, but Baby Earl plainly did not want to go to bed.

A bright wood-fire was burning in the sitting-room, and before it, ensconced in his papa's lap, in a big, comfortable rocker, was "the Earl," having altogether too good a time to be willing to have it ruthlessly broken in upon by a summons to bed.

So when Nurse appeared at the door for him, he waved his little hand, and said, "Way" (away), and nestled all the closer in his papa's arms.

"Very well," Nurse said, "then I will put Earl's nightdress on the kitty, and put kitty in Earl's little bed upstairs beside Mamma's bed, and he will be Mamma's baby in the morning instead of Earl."

But even this threat, which usually had effect, failed to move Baby now. "Yes, me nighty kittie," he lisped in a satisfied way; and Nurse turned from the door, as if to put her threat into execution.

Out rushed the older babies, of four, six, and eight, after her, seized for the first time with the idea of how funny it would look to have pussy-kitty really dressed in baby-brother's nightgown, and clamoring to have it done.

"Oh, Angar, do, do!" "Will you please put the nightie on kitty?" "Oh, I wish you would!" "Would n't he look funny?" "I wonder what he would do," rose in chorus from all at once, and straightway a search began for the black-and-white kitten.

They had not far to look; for, curled up fast asleep in his favorite place, in the children's shoe-box in the corner of the nursery, kitty was found, and immediately dragged forth and put into Nurse's lap.

Then Baby's flannel nightdress was brought, and kitty's paws put into the little sleeves, the feather-stitched band buttoned around kitty's neck. At this the children sent up such a shout that with one bound kitty was in the middle of the floor, and scampering off as fast as he could go.

Way out through the kitchen the children followed him, where, the cellar-door being ajar, he disappeared, tumbling and rolling down the cellar-stairs.

Then another shout, and a call for Nurse to come with a light; but when she went down, followed by the children, and looked all about for the stray kitten or a glimpse of Baby's white nightie, nothing at all was to be seen of either.

Where could he have gone? And how could he have hidden away so quickly and completely, enveloped as he was in the long folds of the nightdress?

They would not give him up for some time, knowing that he must be somewhere near, and that he would be betrayed by the garment he had on. But when, after peering into every corner and seeing nothing but darkness, and to their calls of "Kitty, kitty, come, kitty," not a sound was heard in response, they had, for the present, to give up the search.

Then the children went dancing into the sitting-room again to tell what had happened; and this time Baby's attention was gained, and he followed the others out to see if anything had been heard of kitty. But to other and repeated calls nothing came in reply, so kitty and nightgown had to be given up for the night.

But Baby was caught, if kitty was n't, and a fresh nightdress being taken from the drawer, he was arrayed in it, and carried triumphantly upstairs.

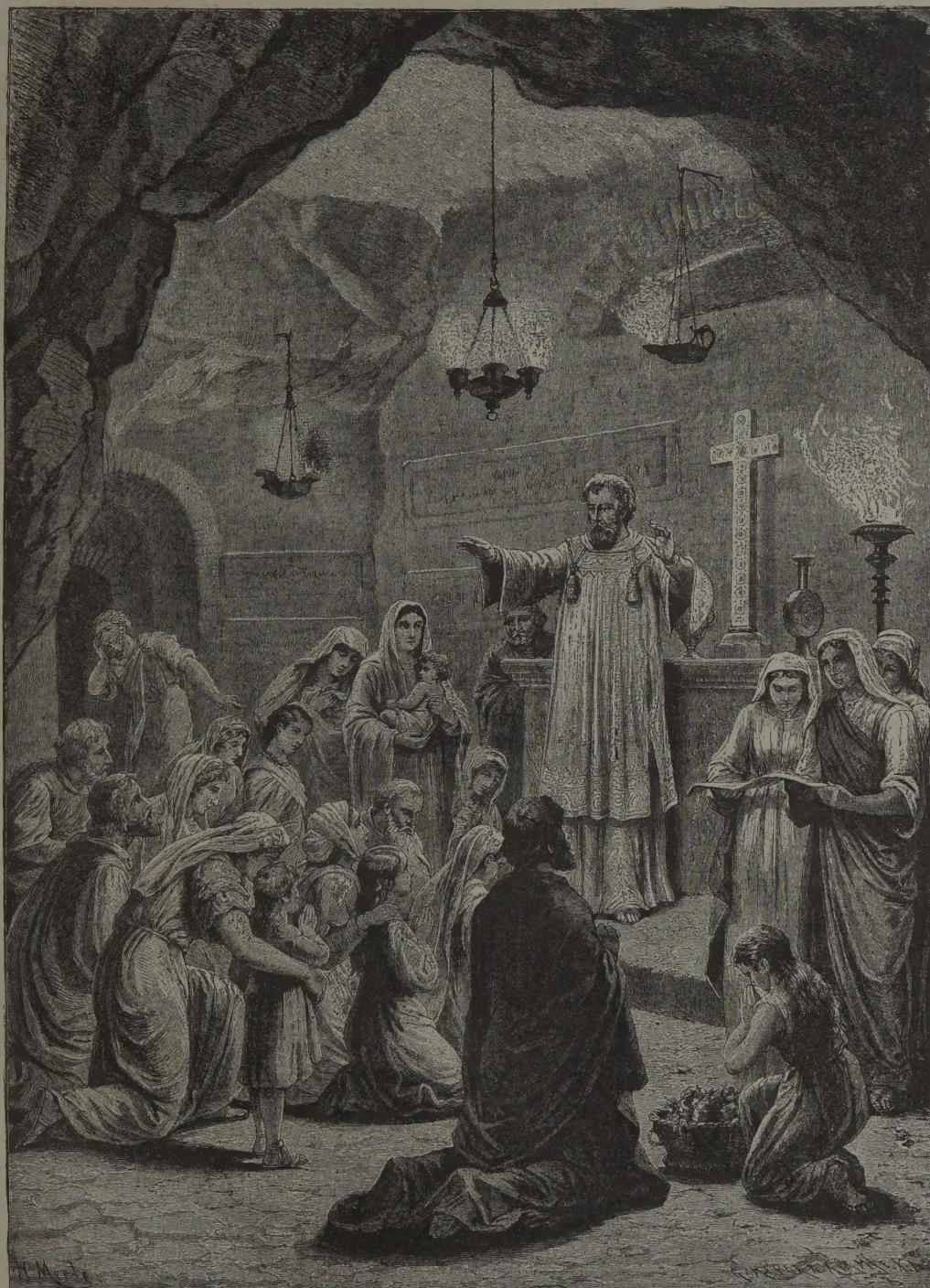
The next morning, when the children came down, the first thing they saw was kitty, sitting demurely in the middle of the nursery-floor; but to their questions of what had become of the nightie, he replied with not even the faintest "mew."

Another search was instituted, but without effect; so it still remained a mystery, — a mystery which interested the children not a little.

Later in the day, however, the hired man discovered something white just in the edge of the cold-air box of the furnace, and on examination it proved to be the missing nightdress. Kitty had crawled through a little place out of doors, and then entering the mouth of the air-box, had freed himself from his superfluous covering and disappeared.

But to this day the nightie, which still bears the marks of kitty's mad scamper, is called "kitty's nightdress."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."



A SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

(A Description of this Scene will be given in the next Number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.)

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A PLEA FOR THE SPARROWS.

BY THADDEUS S. LACEY.

SOME time ago the people of New York arrived at the conclusion that their great flocks of sparrows were at best but a troublesome nuisance, and decided to drive them from their city. They set at work so vigorously that they met with excellent success, and soon the busy, saucy little fellows were practically exterminated.

So far all seemed well, and they congratulated themselves that such small flowers, fruit, and vegetation as they possessed were at last free from the ravages of "the bird with the accommodating appetite," that daring depredator, which had heretofore been despoiling them of their choicest treasures. This, however, proved to be but the first chapter of their experience; and while the pen of Time was busy writing out the second into history, they found reason to change their opinions, and heartily wish that they had their sparrows back again. For in the summer which followed that of their destruction, caterpillars and various other worms and insects appeared in such numbers, and, in the absence of any check from their enemies the sparrows, so thrived and increased, that it seemed as if they might be fairly on the way to absolute possession of the city.

Not only did fruit and the smaller plants suffer at their hands, or rather jaws, but even the trees were stripped of their leaves by this all-devouring army, and left standing as bare as though the heavy hand of winter had been laid upon them at midsummer. The citizens were by no means incapable of learning by experience, or of acknowledging themselves mistaken in their judgment, and they at once made arrangements to recall their sparrows.

Nor was this all. These good people, ready to make a noble restitution, went to work to provide for the shelter and comfort of their invited guests; and now the city and its suburbs are dotted with small wooden houses, which have been built expressly for their occupancy. The birds, on their part, have not proved recreant to the trust reposed in them by their friends, and have ever since so far held the insect hosts in check that flowers and trees, throughout the city, are as fresh and flourishing as they were before "the persecution."

In their old home across the water the sparrows are considered the most man-loving of birds. Not only will they live and build their nests in the midst of the bustle and din of a large city, — with its roar of many voices, its rattle of wheels, its smoke, and its screaming steam-engine, where even the swallow and house-martin, who love to build beneath a roof-tree in the country, fear to follow, — but in the rural districts it seems impossible for man to isolate himself from their companionship.

Let a new cottage or farmhouse be built in the loneliest or most far-away district, even though it be upon a heretofore unoccupied island, the sparrows will come almost before the roof is on to take up their abode beside the new-comer, and cheep and twitter their pledges of good neighborhood.

In truth, it is no one-sided relation, for they depend largely upon their human neighbors for comfort and sustenance. They eat nearly everything that man eats, picking up about the house or street potatoes, rice, scattering grains of all

kinds, and fruit, in addition to such meat diet of worms and insects as they may chance to gather; and the sum of these worms and insects is by no means contemptible. In his treatise on agriculture, Mr. Bradley states that a pair of sparrows, while feeding their young, carried to their nest in one week three thousand three hundred and sixty worms, which they gathered from a cabbage-garden in their neighborhood. Now, when we reflect that each caterpillar will eat nearly four times its own weight per day, we shall readily perceive that, while looking to man for a large part of their food, the sparrows pay the debt honestly enough by ridding him of insects which are working to the destruction of the fruit of his labors.

Moreover, these little birds are the most companionable of all wild things. They are said never to be found far away from the dwellings of man; and if it be true that we like those who like us, the sparrows have another claim upon, at least, our friendly toleration.

They build their nests anywhere and everywhere, always provided they shall be about as close to us as they can get them. Like the swallows, they will put them under our eaves, — that is, unless they have fixed their minds upon a cosy bed in the thatch before the eaves occurred to them, or found a hole in the wall that they liked, or searched out some old waterspout that, having become invalidated and unfit for its more legitimate duty, is just fit to serve their turn. Sometimes they may go so far a-field as to hang their nest upon the high branch of an apple or plum tree in the garden, when they take more pains in its construction than they do when building it close about the house. There, I am sorry to say, its architecture is of the most careless and helter-skelter sort. In the trees they exhibit more skill, making a dome-shaped nest, somewhat large for birds of their size, built of hay and generously padded inside with feathers, and entered by a hole in its side.

Occasionally they elect to build under the protection, as one may say, of the rooks, placing their nests directly beneath that of the rook, with which they frequently manage to cover three or four of their smaller ones. Worse than this, now and then they will play thief, and steal the nest of some bird smaller and weaker than themselves. But we should forgive them even this; few creatures are born honest, and the sparrows have had no one to teach them better.

Their eggs are white, spotted and striped with ash-color and dusky brown. They are very variable, some being nearly white, and others in the same nest much darker. As soon as the little ones are prepared to "fend for themselves," the hen-sparrow begins to lay again, and continues raising brood after brood through the entire summer. The number of insects and worms consumed by the descendants of a single pair of swallows in one season must be nearly incalculable.

I have said that the sparrow is companionable. It must be admitted that he is almost more than this in his relations with the domestic animals and pets which surround our homes. Like some human beings, the impudent little creature will at times assume possession of goods which are undeniably the property of others, and then, putting on the air of rollicking good-fellowship, seem to say, "Come, let us share them together. I am a generous fellow, as all may see. You may have your share — if you can get it." In this spirit he will perch upon the pig's trough and share his dinner, preside to his own great edification and profit at the feeding of the fowls,

steal from the far side of pussy's plate, and even venture to alight with pecking bill upon the end of Rover's bone.

In England the sparrows find at least one luxury which they are forced to forego in this foreign land, — a freshly thatched roof, which is to them a joy indeed. They come to it in flocks, and peck and pull at the straws as eagerly and happily as if they had chanced upon an untold treasure, which, in truth, it is to them. Mr. Wood writes: "I was once watching a flock of sparrows on a newly thatched barn, hopping, picking, and scrambling in perfect happiness, when suddenly a sharp twitter was heard, and the whole body hastily adjourned to a tree close by, making a prodigious chattering. Presently I saw appear over the ridge of the barn the head of a cat, who had walked up the thatcher's ladder, hoping to secure a few sparrows in the midst of their meal."

English and American people do not eat the sparrow; but in France, where nearly all small birds are used as food, they too are killed for the table, and are said to be very toothsome. This pot-hunting growing excessive there reduced their numbers to such a degree that a great increase of caterpillars followed, which proved so injurious that the authorities interfered, and sparrows are now protected.

"LIKE HIS DEAR MOTHER."

In a very elegant palace-car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman, with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs; but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces, as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, Auntie, and so tired too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, Auntie. I know Mother would n't like it if I did n't speak a kind word to the least of these when I met them."

The worldly aunt wiped a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly, —

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight, — the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, —

"Was the pretty boy an angel, Mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"

And we too said, "Bless his dear heart!" — *Exchange.*

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thought.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Oh, Louis, what have you done to it?" said Mrs. Meredith, reproachfully.

"Just 'livened it up a little, that's all."

But Dick did not think that the liberal dashes of red, yellow, blue, and green paint which Louis had bestowed upon the dismantled toy were any improvement. He evidently resented any such liberties taken with his pet.

"I thought I could trust you, Louis," was all his mother said.

"So you can, Mamma. You told me not to paint anything but these pictures and toys."

"Your toys. Who gave you permission to touch Dick's toys? Did he? Did you ask him if you might color his dog?"

"N-o, ma'am," answered Louis, hesitatingly.

"If I had been present, do you think I would have permitted you to do it?"

"I—I don't know."

"I think you do know. Do I ever allow you or Olive to tease Dick? Am I not constantly reproving you for playing tricks on him?"

"Why, ye-es, ma'am. But, Mamma, that miserable old dog is only fit for the ash-barrel, any way."

"Who says so?"

"Why—why—"

"Now, Louis, look into your heart and conscience. You know your little brother is sickly, and consequently fretful, and that this toy which you scorn is very dear to his baby heart. You have hurt it, spoiled it, in his eyes; how are you going to make amends?"

"Perhaps he will like a new one."

"No, you remember that only last week I tried to coax him to take a clean, new dog in its place, but he would not give up his old favorite. Now that you have thus marred this, what can you do to pacify him? Nothing. Just to please yourself, just for a selfish 'joke,' you have done what you cannot undo."

"I did n't think it was any harm."

"That is the trouble. 'Did n't think!' You did think of your own amusement, but did not pause to think of anything else. This 'did n't think' does a deal of mischief. A boy or man points a loaded weapon at a friend, 'did n't think,' and he carries life-long remorse for murdering his fellow. It is our duty to think."

"I am very sorry, Mamma. I see now how mean I was, and indeed I will try to think after this. Can't I do *something* to please Dick?"

"No, you cannot restore his dog to its former condition. But he likes to dabble in water, so you may get some tepid suds in a basin, and coax him to give wookkoo dog a bath; that will take out some of the paint."

Dick's sobs were thus silenced; but he always looked grieved when he saw Louis painting, and that look spoiled the older boy's pleasure in his color-box, but it had the good effect of making him less thoughtless and selfish.

SPEAK THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

VERY few people get the truth told them which they need to hear and ought to hear. People say behind their backs what is never said to their faces. A fault which they might easily correct, if they knew of it, they continue to commit all their lives, because they have no friend manly enough or kind enough to tell them of it. Therefore if you can find a truth-teller honest, direct, straightforward, and at the same time kind, sympathizing, and loving, you have found a friend worth more than diamonds. — James Freeman Clarke.

THE LITTLE TREE.

BY MRS. S. A. DAVENPORT.

"Oh, Mamma," cried Maud, "see this little tree that grew in the cellar!"

She held a horse-chestnut in her hand, from which had grown a limp shoot two or three feet long and of a silvery white color.

"It is a strange tree," continued Maud; "what is the matter with it?"

"I know," said Grace; "it has no color."

"And no backbone," said Edward.

"Why has it neither strength nor color?" said Mamma.

"Because," said Edward and Grace at once, "it grew in the dark cellar."

"Yes," said Mamma, "away from the sunshine, and with but very little light. If it had been perfectly dark, I do not think it would have grown at all."

"I can see," said Grace, "that the sun paints the leaves green, and the flowers red and yellow and all manner of colors; but I do not understand how it gives trees and plants what Edward calls a backbone."

"Let us see first," said Mamma, "of what skeletons are made. You know of what our own skeletons and those of most animals are composed?"

"Of lime," said Edward.

"Yes," said Mamma; "but the skeletons of trees and plants are mostly carbon. Some plants have some silica, and are stiff, and even sharp. You remember, Edward, how you cut your hand with a blade of grass the other day. That was owing to the silica. But in general the skeletons of plants are carbon. Coal, wood, and even dried grass, will burn. Now, burning is only the union of the carbon of the fuel with the oxygen of the air. Some salts and other substances that do not burn remain as cinders and ashes; but most of the coal or wood is changed into carbonic oxide, a gas. This carbonic oxide is always in the air in larger or smaller quantities. What is it we take from the air in breathing?"

"Oxygen," said Grace.

"Yes, diluted; and live faster or slower as we have more or less oxygen. But the trees and plants take carbonic oxide. The sun is the universal chemist. Without it our world would be quite dead. The sun enables the leaves to separate the carbonic oxide into its elements, giving off the oxygen, and keeping the carbon for the skeleton of the plant."

"The sun gives light and heat, and has also what is sometimes called *actinic* power. It is by this power that it gives the plants their color and skeletons. There was, it is likely, enough carbonic oxide in the cellar for your little tree, Maud, but as there was no sunshine, it could not make much use of it."

"How does carbon come in the coal?" said Grace.

"You have seen stones under a microscope that were composed wholly of the skeletons of tiny animals, and you have seen coral, have you not? In something the same way coal consists of the skeletons of trees and plants that grew many ages ago. What did you find in the coal—or rather in pieces of slate mixed with the coal—one day, Maud?"

"Some beautiful little fern-leaves," said Maud.

"These were probably little bits broken off a great fern. Vegetation was very abundant upon the earth at one time,—trees, gigantic ferns, and great tree-ferns. The skeletons of these remain

in the coal. Charcoal, also, is made of the skeletons of trees. Peat is burned in some countries, and is composed of the skeletons of the trees and plants of a swamp. Peat is the first step in the making of coal."

"When we burn wood and coal," said Grace, after a few minutes' thought, "the carbon in the wood unites with the oxygen of the air, and makes—what does it make, Mamma?"

"Carbonic oxide," said Mamma.

"And then leaves take this carbonic oxide, and separate it again, by the help of the sun, into oxygen that goes off, I think you said, and carbon that makes the skeleton of another tree. It is a real round."

"Yes," said Mamma, "a succession of changes, of growth and decay, elements combining and then resolving again."

LETTERS TO THE "VIM CLUB."

No. 7.

A Prisoner in an Old Castle.

I QUITE forgot to tell you about a little experience I had at the Grand Duke's castle. My good friend, Miss Lena, said to me one morning, "If you wish to go into the castle to copy pictures, I will take you in and leave you there; as I am going away, my cousin will show visitors about to-day."

The particular window which I wished to copy was in a small room adjoining the duchess' chamber, with which it was connected by a panel in the wall. The panels around the room were all painted exactly alike.

This little boudoir, or private room, was seldom shown to visitors. Miss Lena gave me instructions how to open the panel, which closed with a secret spring. As she left me, she remarked, "Now, you will be entirely alone, and can paint until the dinner-hour, as my cousin will not permit any one to intrude upon you." She then gave me a very large key, with which to open the outer door of the castle, and said, "Good-bye."

I arranged my box of water-colors, and began to work.

I often heard the large door of the castle open and close, and the tramp of many feet walking about the different rooms of the castle, some of them coming very near my quiet den. I could distinctly hear sentences in French and German, but seldom an English word. I painted as rapidly as possible, thinking all the time of the women who had been in that little room, and of the little children who had doubtless visited "mamma" or "grandma" there.

After a time I began to realize that it must be near the dinner-hour, as no more visitors came into the castle, and the workmen in the garden had ceased from their labors. Looking at my watch, I found it was indeed the dinner-hour, and I at once packed up my paints and prepared to leave.

To my amazement I could not find the panel. I was quite sure I remembered the exact one, but after many attempts I found I could not get out. I knew I could not be a prisoner very long, as the people at the house would miss me. Then I remembered that Miss Lena had gone away to spend the day with a friend, and possibly had not told her parents where I was.

"This is getting to be serious," said I to myself, for I was hungry, as my stomach had become accustomed to the early German dinner.

At last I sat down to think over the situation.

I had tried every panel in the room, but none of them would yield to my touch; and every time I struck them, the lightest touch of my hand resounded through the different rooms beyond.

After thinking the matter over, I remarked, as I have often done to the members of the "Vim Club," that "systematic, concentrated effort always tells." So I began at the first panel striking with my hand, as Miss Lena had shown me, from the height of my head down to the beautiful marble floor. When I had reached the third panel I heard voices approaching, and in my eagerness I struck a more vigorous blow, and the panel gave way. Whereupon I walked out as serenely as if I had never been locked up.

In one of the large hallways I encountered a group of Americans, who were going about to see the different rooms, little dreaming that one of their countrywomen had found herself a prisoner in the Grand Duke's castle. I said nothing of the affair to the family at the house, but laughed quietly many times when I remembered that I had been trying to get out just fifteen minutes, while it seemed to me like as many hours.

After we left our friends at Frogsheim Villa, we went through Zurich, stopping only for dinner and letters at Hotel Bellevue, and thence on to Baden, Switzerland, which is sometimes called "Little Baden" to distinguish it from Baden Baden. The baths here are very famous, and hundreds of invalids visit them every year. The hotels are built in a square about the baths.

Baden is on the river Limmat, a wonderful stream, which rushes so fast that few boats are ever seen upon it. It has white caps, rolling precisely as we have seen the Atlantic, while the water is as dark as a dark green leaf. The river is so dangerous, and the current so rapid, that swimming-places for boys and men are fenced in on the banks of the stream.

Many of the hotel windows overlook this rushing river, which forms a long loop like the letter U around the hotels on either side. The first Sunday we were there, a young man sprang from his window into the river, and was instantly killed by the swift current. The constant rush and noise of the waters is very tiresome, although the river is very beautiful to look at, and the hills upon either side are beautifully wooded or covered with vineyards.

The band plays at Baden three times a day, — in the morning before some of the hotels, in the afternoon at the Casino. All visitors are obliged to pay half a franc each day for the music, — half a franc being equal to ten cents of our money. This is a law of the town. There is an interesting store in Baden, called the "Fifty Centime" store, which corresponds with our ten-cent stores. It is full of nick-nacks, and its chief customers are Americans.

It is amusing in the early morning to see the boarders at our hotel going down to take their baths, which are in the basement. They are all wrapped in blankets or shawls, and as they go down they stop at the little fountain by the side of the staircase to take a drink of the spring water. The water is anything but agreeable.

I think you will all be interested in a little book I have purchased, called the "Legends of Baden." One legend concerning the hot springs is so pretty I must tell it to you, in as few words as possible.

In the fifteenth century a terrible plague spread over Germany, and Charles I. fell a victim. His lovely wife, Catherine of Austria, fled with her two youngest children to the Castle of Hohenbaden, where she lived in the very highest room, to let the little ones have fresh air. The plague

grew worse and worse; but no one came near them save an old man, who left bread and water for them at the foot of the stairs. She prayed and prayed that the plague might cease. One night while she was praying, she saw in a vision the Convent of Lichenthal on one side and the hot springs of Baden on the other. The Virgin Mary appeared, pointing to the little ones and then to the hot springs.

The princess could not forget the vision, and the next day she ordered all the hot springs to be let loose in the streets; so a thick vapor spread all over the neighborhood, and the pestilence ceased. The Princess Margaret grew up to be a nun, and the boy, Frederick, became the famous Bishop of Utrecht. You can see a monument bearing his name in the church at Baden.

As we remain in Baden two weeks, I will tell you more concerning it and its surroundings in another letter.

Your wandering President,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

Teachers' Department.

THE ANNUAL MEETING AT TAUNTON.

BEFORE this number of our paper reaches the schools, teachers and others interested will have learned the particulars concerning the Annual Meeting of the Sunday-School Society at Taunton, October 2 and 3. The opening session will be held Wednesday evening, October 2. Addresses on the work of the Sunday-school will be made by Rev. W. H. Lyon, president of the society; Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. T. R. Slicer, and others. The next morning, after the usual devotional hour, the business meeting will be held, beginning at ten o'clock. The Directors' Annual Report will be read, officers elected for the ensuing year, and other matters of business transacted. Following this will come a series of papers on general topics connected with the work of the Sunday-school: Attendance at the Sunday-school, How to maintain and increase it, by Rev. W. I. Lawrance of Dorchester; A Scheme of Graded Studies, and How it may be introduced, by Mrs. George H. Wilson of Roxbury; Teachers' Meetings, by Rev. J. C. Jaynes of West Newton; and Quality in Teaching, by Mrs. Adeline E. H. Slicer of Providence.

At the afternoon session, Rev. C. R. Eliot of Dorchester will speak of results achieved in teaching temperance in the Sunday-school, to be followed by other speakers on the same general subject.

The hospitality of the Unitarian church in Taunton is offered for the night of October 2 to life members of the Sunday-School Society and delegate members and pastors of contributing churches. To the meetings of October 3 all persons interested in Sunday-school work are cordially invited. The morning train leaving Boston (Old Colony Railroad) at 8.30 reaches Taunton at 9.53.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1. PART I. of LESSONS ON LUKE, WITH COMMENTARY, prepared by the Secretary, is now ready. The subjects of the ten lessons comprised in this Part are given below, in the notice of the Channing Hall Teachers' Meetings. The price of the new manual is 15 cents a copy; \$1.50 per dozen. For fifty or more copies the price is at the rate of \$10.00 a hundred.

2. The Society has also just issued Part I. of YOUNG LEARNERS' LESSON-BOOK ON LUKE. In this manual — designed for pupils ten years or

older — each chapter corresponds with the lesson bearing the same number in the *Lessons with Commentary*. The substance of that lesson is taught in a *Lesson-Story*, which is followed by a list of subjects for teachers and pupils to talk about.

3. Parts II. and III. of both these manuals will follow in January and April, 1890.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS IN CHANNING HALL.

THE Sunday-School Society has completed arrangements for these meetings for the first quarter of the present Sunday-school year. The meetings will be held on Saturday afternoons, at three o'clock. The subjects for the first ten meetings are the ten lessons in Part I. of the new "Lessons on Luke." The following schedule exhibits the scheme of topics, speakers, and dates: —

Date.	Lesson-topic.	Class-leader.
Oct. 5.	How the Gospels were written. Luke i. 1-4.	Rev. H. G. Spaulding.
" 12.	Birth and Childhood of Jesus. Luke ii. 8-20, 41-52.	Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.
" 19.	Preaching of John the Baptist. Luke iii. 7-20.	Rev. C. F. Dole.
" 26.	Baptism and Temptation of Jesus. Luke iii. 21, 22; iv. 1-13.	Rev. H. G. Spaulding.
Nov. 2.	In the Synagogue at Nazareth. Luke iv. 14-30.	Rev. T. R. Slicer.
" 9.	A Sabbath at Capernaum. Luke iv. 31-44.	Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke.
" 16.	In Levi's House. Luke v. 27-39.	Mr. W. W. Fenn.
" 23.	Two Sabbath Scenes. Luke vi. 1-11.	Rev. James De Normandie.
" 30.	Blessings and Woes. Luke vi. 20-26.	Rev. C. F. Dole.
Dec. 7.	Laws of the New Kingdom. Luke vi. 27-49.	Rev. W. H. Lyon.
" 14.	A Review of the Ten Lessons.	Mr. R. C. Metcalf.
" 21.	Meeting omitted on account of Christmas.	
" 28.	A Temperance Lesson.	Rev. C. R. Eliot.

ARE you sure you realize the reverence due to Jesus on *any* theory of his person and mission? Is the evil into which you can fall in this life so slight, the recovery from it so facile; is pain so trifling to bear, and misfortune so easy to surmount, and sorrow so quick to heal, and death so genial to meet, that you need nothing and can gain nothing from this choice and strong soul whom men call the Christ, and whom those who have felt his power call Inspirer and Saviour? — *Sunday-School Helper*.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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